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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of the Right Hon. Warren Hastings, &c. &c., including his Journals and Letters, now first Published from the Originals in the Possession of his Family. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig, author of "The Life of Sir T. Munro," &c. &c. &c. Vols. I. and II. 8vo. London, 1841. Bentley.

WE rejoice to see a task which ought to have been performed long ago, at length committed to such competent hands. "If 'twere done when 'tis done, 'twere well it were done quickly," says Shakspeare; and though we cannot predicate this of the work before us, as regards expedition, we may truly assert that, as far as it goes, it is done well, and promises to be well done when it is done. Mr. Gleig possesses great talent for biographical authorship; for he is clear-sighted, considerate, and candid. His own just and honourable feelings will not allow him to blur over facts, or attempt to make the worse appear the better reason. He can condemn as well as approve, and confess errors as well as defend acts which have been exposed to misrepresentation and calumny. Such a man was wanted to write the Memoirs of Warren Hastings.

We remember—it must be nearly twenty years ago—the late Mr. Impey mentioning to us a great many particulars relating to this distinguished individual, with whose life (which he then contemplated preparing for publication) he was well acquainted, through the close connexion of Sir Elijah Impey and his own familiar intercourse; and we remember his regretting the very scanty materials that could be procured concerning Hastings's earlier years. Dr. Southey, we believe, was afterwards consulted about these papers, but recoiled from the undertaking on account of this inchoate deficiency, and the severe labour he foresaw must attend the arrangement of later materials, so as to combine the prodigious mass into a narrative of moderate compass and general interest; for the life of Warren Hastings is the annals of British India, and the rise of our mighty empire in the East. To the genius of a Clive, and of one who followed so closely in his footsteps, do we owe the grandeur of that colossal power, which is now shaking its strong arm in the face of three hundred millions of men, and is probably destined to bring an innumerable people within the pale of nations and bow the celestial dynasty to the earth.

Mr. Gleig has fairly buckled on his armour, and set himself to the resolute accomplishment of the work confided to him—that of illustrating the services, recording the proceedings, and describing the persecutions of the extraordinary person whose name stands so pre-eminently conspicuous in English and in Indian history. The result is a sterling book, in which affairs of national importance are so mingled with details of personal difficulties and dangers, that we know not which most fixes our attention—the events of great public moment, or the crises of individual enterprise. They amalgamate admirably together, and shew us in the most striking manner how much the destinies of countries may depend on the character of a single mind.

As we have suggested, the child and boyhood of Warren Hastings are buried in obscurity. In truth, he never liked to recur to their period, and it is accordingly covered with a sort of Warren's blacking. The family traces to the Norman Conquest, but had fallen into poverty; and from the time of John Hastings, a sufferer in the cause of Charles I., had little left to maintain even a semblance of independence, and far less the original splendour of the Manor-house of Daylesford, where its hospitalities had been dispensed for centuries. Mr. Gleig gives his reasons for thinking the village of Churchill, and not Daylesford, was the place of Warren Hastings's nativity; and there the future governor of British India was born, on the 6th of December, 1732. His father, Pynaston, was poor, the second son of the incumbent of Daylesford, and married, in 1730, to Hester Warren, the daughter of Mr. Warren, proprietor of a small estate called Stubhill, in Gloucestershire. His mother died a few days after his birth, and of the future career of his father there are but few and unsatisfactory traces. Such was the inauspicious opening of the long and brilliant course of this orphaned boy, who was brought up at a country foundation school amid distress and squalor; and his biographer observes:—

"It is much to be lamented that Mr. Hastings, who, after playing so great a part on the stage of life, could hardly fail to be aware that, sooner or later, he would become the subject of history, should have left no memoranda behind him, from which it is possible to draw out even a connected outline of the mode of his existence in boyhood and early youth. Even in conversation he appeared reluctant to enter upon the subject, and when questioned respecting it, his answers were always brief and general. I am led from these circumstances to conclude that childhood and early youth were not with him seasons of much enjoyment, though whether overshadowed and oppressed by a mere sense of dependence, or subjected to the more direct and palpable mortifications which dependence too often brings in its train, I cannot undertake to say. All, indeed, that I have been enabled to discover respecting the first stage in his career amounts to this; that he remained in the country till the year 1740, when his uncle Howard, of whom I have spoken as holding a situation in the Customs, took charge of him. The first regular school to which he was sent was kept by Mr. Pardoe, at Newington Butts. His master is said to have been a good one, but Hastings himself never referred to the period of his sojourn in that school with any degree of pleasure. He complained that the boys were half-starved; and attributed the delicacy of his own constitution, and his stunted growth, in a great measure to the wretched feeding at this seminary. He did not remain there, however, more than two years ere he was transferred to Westminster; to win the honours of which, and to be elected on the foundation, became immediately the object of his ambition. It chanced that there were among his contemporaries some of the cleverest lads of which Westminster had for many years been able to boast; such as Lord Shelburne, Sir Elijah

Impey, Cowper the poet, and others; the whole of whom, by the way, were his seniors in point of age, some of them by not less than two years. Yet, nothing daunted by his acquaintance with their powers, he became an intense student, inasmuch as well nigh to break down a frame delicate from the first, and now more than ever fragile. The result was, however, that when the season of trial came round, his triumph was complete. He was elected on the foundation at the head of all his competitors in the year 1747, and had, in consequence, his name engraved in golden characters on the wall of the dormitory, where it may still be seen. I have made many anxious inquiries relative to his habits as a Westminster scholar, which have obtained for me, I regret to say, but imperfect information. Of those who were his contemporaries not one now survives; and the memories even of its most distinguished members soon fade from a public school. It is said, however, that neither his delicate constitution nor his diminutive stature in the smallest degree affected his spirit. Quick he was, and mild, much addicted to contemplation, and a hard student; but he was likewise bold when necessity required, full of fire, ambitious in no ordinary degree, and anxious to excel in every thing to which he addressed himself. His favourite pastime appears to have been swimming, in which he was very expert, and few could beat him with a pair of sculls; in other respects he was much as other boys are, except that his sweet temper and readiness at all times to oblige rendered him a universal favourite. Hastings had been a king's scholar at Westminster three years, and the greatest expectations were formed of his success at the university, when an event befel which gave a totally novel turn to all his prospects. His kind uncle Howard died, bequeathing him to the care of a Mr. Chiswick, on whom he had by relationship slender claims, and who does not seem to have overrated their importance. I believe that the connexion between them took its rise from the marriage of Mr. Hastings's great-grandfather with a lady of Mr. Chiswick's family; but how far their blood did or did not flow from a common fountain I do not know. It is certain, however, that Mr. Chiswick at once determined that Warren should not go on with his classical studies; and that Dr. Nichols, then head-master of the school, was informed of the determination. 'What,' exclaimed the Doctor, when his favourite pupil announced to him his purpose of withdrawing from the school, 'lose Warren Hastings!—lose the best scholar of his year! That will never do at all. If the want of means to keep you here—ay, and at college too—be the only hindrance, we can easily remove that. You shall go on with your education at my charges. I cannot afford to lose the reputation which I am sure to obtain through you.' The proposal, most delicately made, was alike honourable to the master and his pupil, but it could not be acceded to. For a few months longer Hastings remained where he was, but his new guardian eventually withdrew him. Being in the direction of the East India Company, Mr. Chiswick determined to send his ward in the capacity of a writer to

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Bengal; and, to fit him for the situation, he placed him for a time under the tuition of Mr. Smith, the teacher of writing and accounts at Christ's Hospital. This was in 1749; on the 14th of November in which year he signed his petition for the proffered appointment. It was acceded to immediately; and in the month of January, 1750, after fitting himself out as well as his slender finances would allow, Warren Hastings set sail on board the London East Indiaman for the place of his destination at Calcutta."

We had marked for extract the author's view of the state of India at the date of his arrival there, but it has obtained the far and wide circulation of "The Times" newspaper in a notice of the work, having, no doubt, attracted the attention of the writer, as it did ours, by its talent and graphic force; and it would consequently be to so many of our readers a repetition, that we must look elsewhere for our illustration. We copy, however, the concluding remarks, as affording a tolerable idea of the general state of affairs:—

"While Aurungzebe lived the empire continued, both nominally and really, a whole. His death, in 1707, shook the ill-assorted fabric to its base. There was, first, a contest between his three sons for the succession. There was, next, the necessity imposed upon the conqueror of conciliating the goodwill of the chiefs who raised him to the throne. There was, thirdly, the natural result of civil war within the empire itself—an opportunity afforded to the Mahrattas, of which they were not slow to avail themselves, of re-establishing more than the semblance of a kingdom. And last, and worst of all, Nadir Schah broke in from Persia, and threw all things into confusion. Then began viziers, soubahdars, and other governors of provinces, to deal with their delegated power as if it were inherent in themselves; till by and by, not only was the Deccan severed from the rest of the empire, but such minor chiefs as the Nabob of Bengal and the Viceroy of Oude learned to act as if they were independent princes. In the endless struggles, both foreign and domestic, which throughout a quarter of a century rent the empire to pieces, the English took no part. As often as one or other of the provinces within which their settlements stood became the seat of war, then, indeed, the servants of the Company assumed a defensive attitude; but their preparations never went farther than to put themselves in a condition to repel violence, should it be offered. In the contest, whatever it might be, which was going on, they did their best to preserve a strict neutrality. On the other hand, the native princes, as well during the vigour as in the decline of the empire, treated them on almost all occasions with singular favour. Partly because they reaped large profits from the European trade, partly because they did not as yet see reason to be jealous of a few European settlers on the coast, they not only permitted them to dwell at peace, but extended to them commercial privileges far greater than those which were granted to the native merchants. Accordingly, neither the revolutions which went on at Delhi, nor the establishment of an independent sovereignty in the Deccan, in any way interfered with the routine of business. Continuing, at least in Bengal, to pay to the public treasurers the sums which had been fixed as composition in lieu of transit duties, they sent their agents and servants as usual into the interior; and found that their dustics, or passports, were universally respected, wherever there existed any thing like a settled

government. With these privileges the English were content, and had they been the only European settlers in India, it is extremely probable that they never would have looked beyond them. But they were not the only European settlers in India; the French, after repeated efforts, had succeeded, about 1720, in establishing themselves both among the islands and on the continent; and being at all times more disposed to indulge in dreams of glory than in details of business, they soon began to play a part in the political game which they beheld in progress round them. Their first great measure was to carry the war, which broke out in 1744 between France and England, to the distant shores of the Carnatic. Being greatly superior, both by sea and land, they made themselves masters of Madras, and reduced the affairs of the English East India Company to a very low ebb. But the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle restored to the Company their ancient local capital, and, in some degree, forced upon them a change of policy. I am not going to repeat the thrice-told tale of the great war of succession in the Carnatic; far less to contrast with the magnificence of M. Dupleix's views the petty devices and ill-assorted schemes of his rival. My purpose is sufficiently served when I state that the treaty of concord was scarce ratified between them, when the French and the English Companies found themselves arrayed on opposite sides, in a struggle which, begun for the ostensible purpose of giving a nabob to the Carnatic, was, in point of fact, to decide by which of these two European nations the destinies of India were to be guided.

"Into a community thus circumstanced, Warren Hastings, on the 8th of October, 1750, made his entrance."

And our author follows up his history from his first employment in the secretary's office—the rupture with Suraj ud Dowlah—his first marriage in 1756 with the widow of Captain Campbell, who bore him two children, and died, as did the children, in early life—his residency at the court of Moorsshedabad—his election into the council, where he was strongly opposed to Mr. Vansittart's policy; and Mr. Gleig states:—

"I exceedingly regret that of the tenor of Mr. Hastings's private life I am unable, during this interesting period, to give any detailed account. Of his familiar correspondence, not a shred, as far as I know, has been preserved; and as all his contemporaries have long ago been gathered to their fathers, even tradition is silent on the subject. I find myself, therefore, without authority to say more than that in addition to the death of his daughter he lost his wife, where, or under what circumstances, I know not, in 1759; and that in 1761 he sent his son George to Europe, for the purpose of prosecuting his education. So complete, however, and so impenetrable is the mystery which has enveloped the early career of this great man, that I have not been able to ascertain so much as the name of the parties to whom this precious charge was intrusted. It is probable, indeed, that he committed him to the care of his sister, Mrs. Woodman, and her husband; and it cannot be doubted that, if the case were so, they disposed of the child where they believed that he would be rightly dealt by. Yet all this is mere conjecture. I must therefore content myself with stating, that after fifteen years of laborious service in India, Mr. Hastings resigned his seat as a member of council in the month of November, 1764, and returned, master of a very moderate fortune,

in his Majesty's ship the Medway, together with his friend Mr. Vansittart, to England.

He adds the following to the honour of his subject:—

"A fourteen years' residence in the golden province of Bengal, during which more than the usual opportunities of amassing wealth were afforded him, had not, in Mr. Hastings's case, produced the results on which it was customary in those days to calculate. Not once can I find his name included in the list of those, to whom nabob, or vizier, or native agent of either, had offered a gift; nor in a solitary instance was the suspicion excited towards him, that he might have accepted presents, yet kept the secret to himself. I do not mean to assert that he received no mark of the good will of the prince at whose court he so long resided; or that the nobles of Moorsshedabad withheld from him the keilat, or gift of ceremony, which it was their custom to extend to the rest of their guests. But in the legitimate fruits, or what were so accounted, of the various revolutions which he contributed to bring about, it is clear that, for some reason or another, he was not a partaker. Of Drake, Clive, Vansittart, Carnac, Munro, Spencer, and indeed of all who from 1757 down to 1764, had acted as governor, commander of troops, or member of council, in the Company's service, it is officially on record that they extorted sums, always considerable, in various instances enormous, out of the gratitude, or it may be the necessities, of the native princes. But in the catalogue of persons so honoured, I have not been able, after the most diligent search, to discover that the name of Hastings is any where included. I may, perhaps, be permitted to add, that the fact, for such it is, reflects immortal honour on his memory. I am sure that men's knowledge of it ought to have screened him, in a later stage of his career, from some of the calumnies with which party malice sought to overwhelm him; yet is it past dispute, that the consequences of his own moderation were in the meanwhile extremely inconvenient to himself. Mr. Hastings returned to the land of his birth comparatively a poor man, and so extreme had been his carelessness in the adjustment of his personal affairs, that he soon became a needy one. I have been told by those who enjoyed the advantages of his intimacy, and heard him converse, which he could seldom be induced to do, upon the events of his early life, that he brought with him only a small portion of his savings to England, and that the bulk of them was left in Bengal on security which failed him. Though I cannot, on such authority, give the statement as a fact, I see no just reason why it should be questioned, because it was from first to last a conspicuous trait in Mr. Hastings's character, that he never put the smallest value upon money. But there is now lying before me a letter from Mr., afterwards Sir Francis Sykes, bearing date Muxadabad, 24th November, 1768, which seems to establish the truth of the rumour beyond dispute: 'I hope our friend Hastings,' says he, 'will before this have, by the interest of his friends, secured an appointment in the service. He has managed his cards very ill, and between you and me, I never saw such confused accounts as he left behind him.' Whether the property which he had failed to realise ere quitting the scene of his labours was or was not lost I know not; but the short extract just transcribed clearly proves that he was the reverse of cautious respecting the means that were adopted to secure it."

His re-appointment to the Company's service and return to India are next related; and the reverend author gives an account worthy of himself, of Hastings meeting with Baroness Imhoff in the outward voyage, and subsequent marriage with that accomplished lady. He then resumes his public life and brings it down to August, 1782, but we must leave all the various and important narrative, to the readers of the work itself, and conclude with only one remark, and a very short extract, though certainly totally unconnected. Mr. Gleig informs us that Warren Hastings was, during all his eventful career, a cultivator of literature and a friend to literary men; and the following is the quotation we have pitched upon:—

"The Begums, or Princesses of Oude, like women in all countries, and especially in the East, could be considered as little else than the creatures of the ministers or favourites to whom they entrusted the management of their affairs."

Patchwork. By Captain Basil Hall, R.N. F.R.S. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1841. Moxon.

A BIT of previous introduction pleasantly discusses the title of this medley; but surely none more fitting than *Patchwork* could not have been devised for it. Captain Hall has seen a great deal of this our ball of earth, and been an acute observer of it and its various inhabitants. He also holds the pen of an agreeable and ready writer; so much so, that even on trite subjects he contrives to carry us along with him, ambling at a lively pace, or, as the case may be, attending at a slower rate to instructive observation on the scenes and circumstances around.

The first of these volumes is devoted to Switzerland, with her lakes and mountains; the second and third move rapidly about, embracing Paris, London, Sicily, Sardinia, Malta, India, the Scottish Highlands, Etna, Vesuvius, Execution of Thistlewood and his Companions, Seamanship Improvements, *cum multis aliis quorum describere longum, &c.*

Each of these subjects might furnish us with matter for a review, but it would afford no idea of the whole collection: and we must rather endeavour to exemplify it by picking out a crumb here and there from the numerous dishes spread upon the board. We begin with Switzerland, where, among other remarks, we read:—

"The evening was grand; and I shall never forget the feelings with which I sat down, exhausted by the day's exertions, at the very foot of Mont Blanc, and watched the effect, of which I had heard a hundred accounts, of the setting sunlight on the highest peak. Long after the valley of Chamouni was cast into deep shade, the towering shoulders of Mont Blanc, and still more the numerous spire-like peaks, or needles of granite, retained a bright light far up in the sky. This, in due season, was followed by the well-sung beauties of the 'rose-tints, which summer's twilight leaves upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow.' The most remarkable change, however, which takes place in the colour of the snow on the higher ridges of the Alps after sunset has not, I think, been either poetised, or ever been described in prose,—and as it was quite new to me, may possibly be so to others. While the eye is feasting on the rich tints which succeed to the bright light of day, and wishes they might last for ever, the rose-colour gradually dies away, and its place is taken by a livid, dead white, resembling so fearfully that of a corpse, that I felt quite shocked as well as startled by the

change; nor have I ever met with any one whose nerves were not more or less disturbed by this painful transition from the blush of health, as it were, to the paleness of death! I have seen very wild deserts in Peru and elsewhere, and many other scenes of desolation in the world, but none which has struck me with so deep a feeling of melancholy, as the sight of Mont Blanc during the period, fortunately a brief one, in which this livid hue is spread over it. Before the shades of night finally settle over all, a very slight and scarcely perceptible return of the rose-tint is often visible on the snow,—a sort of reanimation of the scene, which is most cheering and consolatory."

It is a curious fact that all Captain Hall's descriptions of this Alpine scenery, of the formation of deltas by the Rhone in the Lake of Geneva, and by other rivers in other places, of the gradual descent of glaciers, and of the formation and breach of moraines, especially of a remarkable *débâcle* of the Dranse, years before M. Agassiz propounded his striking and important theory, seem to confirm its truth and certainty in a most direct and extraordinary manner. We quote one passage:—

"By means of observations made in the different parts of the Alps, it has been ascertained that the progressive motion of the different glaciers, respectively, varies very much. In the valley of Chamouni, Ebel states that they advance at about fourteen feet in a year. In that of Grindelwald, the glaciers move rather faster, being at the rate of twenty-five feet in the year. But, as he says, it is impossible to give any rule as applicable to these phenomena, since, independently of the variety caused by the different degrees in inclination in the surface of the ground in the lower valleys, and the nature and extent of the mountains which furnish the materials of the glacier, there must be taken into account the fluctuations in the seasons themselves. In some winters, it would appear, much more snow falls than in others; and in some summers, the heat is found to be greater than usual; consequently, the travelling process at the lower extremity of the glacier is increased or diminished. Owing chiefly to these causes, it may happen that a glacier will actually diminish for several years in succession; that is, the lower extremity, which has been extending itself year after year into the fertile part of the valley no longer gains, but, on the contrary, loses so much more by melting in summer than it gains by the fresh snows of winter that it abandons, or leaves uncovered, a portion of the ground it had previously occupied. There is no doubt that during those summers in which the glacier becomes shorter, there has, as usual, been a progressive motion; but this has not been sufficiently great to make up for the loss of ground caused by the extra melting. In other years, again, the augmentation of snow is so large, that numerous meadows heretofore deemed safe, and even rising grounds, which had been cultivated in security from all time within the memory of man, now invaded and utterly destroyed! It is generally in the spring that these rapid advances are made, probably at the first moment when the cohesion of the mass to the sides of the valley is so far weakened by the heat as to give way before the pressure from above, caused by the whole winter's deposit of fresh snow. It has been remarked, too, that when any extraordinary movement in advance has been made by a glacier in a particular season, it is observed to decrease for several years successively afterwards. M. Ebel supposes that this arises from the upper valleys having given off suddenly so

large a portion of their mass, that it requires the accumulation of several years' snows to set the glacier in motion again, during which interval the heat of several successive summers acts powerfully in diminishing the length of the lower extremity. It is exceedingly interesting, in going from glacier to glacier in the Alps, to observe the great differences by which their surfaces are distinguished. When the bottom of the valley along which they travel is not much inclined, and the direction straight, the glacier also is smooth at top, and is scarcely marked with cracks. But when the inclination of the ground is great, and its surface uneven, the upper face of the glacier is all broken across by huge rents called 'crevasses;' while ridges, sometimes a hundred feet in height, are formed at the top, giving to the whole not a little the appearance of a stormy sea when agitated by a current running in a direction opposite to that of the wind. I have myself seen appearances not unlike those of some glaciers, in a north-west gale of wind off the Cape of Good Hope, when the well-known current from the eastward has been setting strong in the teeth of the breeze, across the great bank of Lagullas. Sometimes the surface of a glacier is of the purest white, but this degree of purity is rare, and occurs only when the upper valleys, which supply its snows, are not flanked by cliffs, which, when acted upon by avalanches, are broken in pieces, and scattered in fragments over the subjacent snow. Generally speaking, their surface is covered either with huge blocks of stone or with mud and sand, the result of the friction of these fragments against one another, or by their being ground into powder between the glacier and the sides of the valleys through which they pass."

It is astonishing that it should have been left to the sagacity of M. Agassiz to combine these and other phenomena; and produce in 1840 the glacier causation of so many of those appearances on the surface of the globe which had previously perplexed the ablest geologists. But we proceed; and for another, and different, example of our author's talent, take the graphic opening of his second volume:—

"*The Tide Harbour.*—I hardly know two things more different in appearance than what is called a tide harbour when the sea is in, and the same harbour when the sea is out. At high-water, we behold a beautiful basin, brim-full, and bearing on its surface numberless vessels, all of whose masts, ropes, and sails, loosed to dry, are reflected in the mirror upon which they rest so gracefully, that we know not which to admire most—the bold originals, in all their pomp and bustle, or their inverted and softened representations beneath. The little boats which pass up and down, or flit across the harbour, and the ships arriving or departing, some dropping their anchor with a thundering splash into the stream, and others laboriously heaving up that ponderous mass of iron to their bows, give an endless variety to this busy scene. The cheerful voice of the seamen, singing as they work, mingling with the anxious word of command spoken by the cautious pilots, form a fitting music for the scene. Even the brawling of the noisy boatmen has its characteristic and stirring interest, as they cross and recross the port with hawyers, which they tie and untie, or pass along from post to post, with an address that astonishes the ignorant, and delights the professional, eye, netting the whole space over with cords, with the industry of spiders, as if their mischievous purpose were to catch and retain the ships—not to expedite their departure, or aid their

entrance into the port. The adjacent wharfs and piers, at that busiest, because the most available, season of the tide, called emphatically the 'top of high-water,' are generally crowded with spectators, composed either of persons eagerly watching the arrival of long-looked-for friends, or bidding an adieu to those who are departing; or, finally, of that large majority of idlers, who, having no precise business any where, are attracted, unconsciously, by the inherent beauty and interest of this ever-varying scene, and who, without having either taste or knowledge enough to analyse their feelings, are yet moved by what is so essentially picturesque, that the dullest senses are made to feel its charm. Nor is this a scene which palls on the observation, for it is scarcely possible that we shall discover it to be alike on any two days of the year. On one day there may be either a faint breeze or a dead calm. The vessels, in that case, drop out gently to sea with the first turn of the ebb, while others enter the harbour with the last drain of flood; each being aided by a little tiny boat, connected with its parent-bark by a cord, alternately dipping in the water and jerked out of it, as the seamen, with a loud huzza, strain their backs to the oar. Or it may happen, that an entering or departing ship is drawn along by a rope, or warp, as it is called, kept as tight as a rod of iron by fifty or a hundred hands, lining the long projecting pier, at the end of which stands the lighthouse—that lighthouse of which in the bright blaze of sunshine, it has been satirically remarked, we take no more note than of a friend whose assistance we require no longer; though it probably crosses the recollection of some of the more reflecting of the spectators, that the time has been when, in a dark and stormy night, a single glimpse of this now neglected beacon was held worth a ship-load of silver! On such a fine day as I am supposing, dozens, or even hundreds, of ships and vessels of various sizes and descriptions, from all the mercantile nations of the earth, are seen jostling one another, dropping out, or dropping in, towing, warping, sailing, screaming, on their different courses, 'a mighty maze but not without a plan.' Even to inexperienced observation this apparent mass of confusion is very pleasing; though to such it must seem as inexplicable and beyond control, as that of the planetary movements, or the vagaries of the moon, which all admire, though few understand. When, however, there happens to be a brisk wind blowing, the scene is totally different. The elements now meet in opposition, for the wind, instead of slumbering as before, and letting the silent tide have its own placid way, is roused up, and having set itself against the current, sorely puzzles, but rarely baffles entirely, the skill of the seaman. Then it is, that the talents and local knowledge of the pilots, and the hardy intrepidity of the captains, come into play; and men who in the calm of the day before we should not have discovered to be much above their fellows in courage or capacity, now claim their due superiority. At such moments the commander is cheerfully and even eagerly obeyed by those very men who, in the pride of ignorance and the presumption of security, were far less docile in the calm. If we watch a ship coming in, we shall see the anchor all ready to let go—the cables ranged along the deck—the leadman in the chains taking cast after cast as briskly as he can, and singing out the soundings to the anxious pilot, as the harbour's mouth is neared. On entering it, the tacks become shorter, and are made with more smartness. The helm is

put down quickly, the head-sheets let fly in a moment, and about she comes! The yards spin round, ropes crack, and sails shake, as if the whole machinery of seamanship was going to pieces. As she heels to the gale, under the unrestrained leverage of the masts, the old ship creaks from stem to stern, by the friction of the timbers and beams against one another, and to shore-going senses it would seem that the danger was great. But if we now take notice of the weather-wise glance of the pilot's eye, or mark the tranquil deportment of the captain by his side, or observe the cheery laugh of the dripping crew, as the waves curl or break over them, we shall understand, although we cannot tell how, that in the midst of what seems tumult, and hazard, and difficulty, all is order and safety. Thus at moments when in our ignorance we fancy the vessel is to be driven against the rocks; or absorbed by the seas, as she gradually forces her way in or out of the harbour, we discover that the people most concerned know that all danger is past, and are chatting, at their ease, about indifferent matters! Instead of a whole squadron of great ships, and a mosquito fleet of small craft, coming and going, when the weather was fine, and the sea smooth, we now detect only one or two of the sturdiest class venturing to face the gale, and urged by competition, or the love of gain, in some of its multifarious shapes, determined, at all risks, to commence their voyage. Or, we spy in the distance, returning to its native port, a white sail, well bleached by the alternate sun and rain of many a tropical day. To the accustomed eye it is nothing but a pleasing spot of light, relieving the black, angry sky behind; but to the anxious ken of the merchant, whose soul is afloat, it tells another story. He sees in his richly-freighted argosy in the offing the cent per cent of well-directed enterprise; and as his darling ship re-enters the port, cheered on her way by the joyous shouts of a thousand welcomes, the grateful owner blesses his lucky stars, and as he returns the hardy captain's salute, he applauds his own discrimination in having selected so fitting a commander to conduct his distant adventure. The weather-beaten ship herself, dashing past like a meteor, enters the harbour, before the wind, and is soon tightly lashed, in security, after all her perils, by the side of her master's warehouse. Careless observers may contrast, to her disparagement, her battered appearance—her dirty, grass-grown sides, spliced ropes, and threadbare and many-patched sails, worn thin and white by long use—with the smartly-painted hulls, the stiff and gummy canvass, the well-turled shrouds and unstretched cordage, of the departing ships. But all these, though scarcely noticed by the uninitiated, being characteristic marks of protracted hard work, are respected by all those to whom the scenes with which they are associated are familiar, and bring back a thousand hardships, as well as joys, to a sailor's mind. In like manner, the well-tanned countenance of the experienced commander, and the iron grasp of his rope-worn fist, are right welcome to the grateful 'owner,' who receives his officer not as a servant, but as a friend, when he leaps to the shore, and reports that he has made a successful voyage. The anxieties of both parties—the hazards of the voyage, the doubts, the delays, the difficulties, so painful at the moment, are so no longer, but, on the contrary, furnish topics for the most delightful converse and mutual congratulation. Such are one or two of the thousand scenes which a tide-harbour, such as Leith, or Dieppe, presents at

high water; but when the tide has ebbed out, a very different set of objects strikes the eye. Almost all the picturesque beauty of the spot is gone. The beautiful overflowing basin is now a huge and almost empty trough, for the only water which can be discovered is a slender, dirty stream, struggling through a meadow of mud. The shipping, instead of riding triumphantly, like, 'things of life,' on the bosom of the sea, and casting their reflected images deep into the tide, are now flung about at random; and instead of pointing their tall masts to the sky, like so many gothic spires, are inclined over at every angle to the horizon. Some are fairly laid prostrate on their beam-ends; others thrown out of the perpendicular, like the trees of an American forest after a hurricane; all of them seeming more or less deranged from the naturally erect position, and sticking, as if ashamed of themselves, in a bed of silt; there, all sailorless and disconsolate, the poor ships lie, as if they were nothing but wrecks, rotting and useless, in the dirty, sludgy, impassable slime. The pretty little boats, which an hour or two before skimmed merrily from side to side of the harbour, are now half-buried in the mud, with their noses down, their sterns up, their oars tumbled about, the rudders unshipped. The only visible living things at this dead season, are a few wretched, amphibious-looking personages, 'mud-larks,' as they are emphatically called—booted to the thigh, struggling like flies in a glue-pot, knee-deep in the silt, in the dirty hope of picking up bits of cordage or other scraps of stores dropped from the ships. All is now silence, both on ship-board and on the shore, for as most of the vessels cannot be reached, the wearied seamen profit by the occasion, and go to rest, while the process of loading and unloading is intermitted. At such times, too, the usual groups of idle spectators, even if there were any thing to look at, would be deterred from approaching the spot by the offensive vapours, which the heat of the sun sends up from the horrid accumulation of dirt in the waterless harbour."

This is in Basil Hall's best style, and we could not find in our hearts to abridge a word of it; though it must narrow what remains. For the sake of a contrast we select the following:—

"I have sometimes thought that the queer advertisements, or puffs, of the hotels on the Continent, written in English words by persons ignorant of the language, give not a bad notion of the sort of information respecting lodgings which the lectures of such a guide as I have been alluding to give of pictures and statues. The following is a fair specimen of these productions. 'Hotel at the Cross of Malta, keeper by James Migliavacca. This inn, one of the most ancient in the town, on the place named San Sepolcro, No. 5293, in a most advantageous and convenient situation for the nearness of theatres and other public establishments, is newly remounted and furnished. It is divided in great and little apartments, but there are likewise single chambers to be let, the whole cleanly and fashionably furnished. The inn-keeper has nothing neglected by reuniting in his establishment all the accommodations that by travelling gentlemen may be desired; as, bathes every hour of the day, being there always a coach for their dispositions to make excursions. A scrupulous attention exercised by waiting the foreigners, united in procuring all what can be agreeable to them, may induce the most honourable travellers to call for this house, by means

of which the inn-keeper hopes to acquire and deserve the general trust and confidence. In this hotel shall be served every day a *Table-d'hôte*, with the greatest cleanliness and well ordered, surely to the satisfaction of every guest.* The above is a literal copy of the advertisement of an Italian hotel-keeper, whose meaning is plain enough throughout; as indeed it generally is in such cases, however ludicrous the diction may be. In the collection I have made of such things, however, I find the following curious production, written by an Indian dubash, or head servant, to his master who held an official situation on the Madras Presidency, in which it is scarcely possible to catch even the glimpse of an idea. The object of the dubash, as I understood from other sources, was to obtain some small indulgence for his family, and thus he writes:—
 'My ever reputable sir, — Withal respectfully begs Master majesty's excessive excellent goodness exist the nature of best lucidity auspicious adorned generous presence of protection the poor native writer's as equal qualification of the sun and moon, both shines for the safety of the world! Servant being happy to be able to request that servant uncle have advised to visit Master's auspicious powerful presence, same moment Master majesty's full dulcet ambrosia smile will be long mercy, with excess affection as to provide a full bread for the protect of the poor families. Servant this day have acquired a very good fortune to efface the suffered misfortune as soon as servant have visited Master's gracious presence. Honored sir, that there is not great thing it is a trifle, rush, for Master majesty's presence, but that is a greatest sea, and plenty long considerable mountains for our poor part. Most humbly begs a pardon as to take these sentences into Master's glorious patience as to accomplish the servant wishes thereby the servant and parents families with little child's also our nearest relations, perpetual both prays the diurnally thrice that the Master majesty's powerful presence as our own generation, merciful Jehovah, as long as our generation is living in this world. Gracious sir, Master majesty's dutiful, affectionate, and humble servant,

"MADURNIAGE."

Widely different in all respects from either the 'Jacques de place' of Paris, or from the native dubash of Bangalore, is another description of serving-man, viz. the captain's steward, especially the captain of a man-of-war's steward. Every body knows, indeed, that the human race is now divided into three classes—men, women, and stewards of packets. Of men and women enough has been written—but surely the class of stewards demands a poet, and it is to be hoped that one will arise some day to sing them. In their way, they certainly are the most useful persons in existence. You may do very well, it has been alleged, without a captain or a boatswain, or you might blunder along, as many folks do all their lives, without a pilot,—but how could you possibly do on shipboard without a steward?"

And about one of the race once under the author, we have an excellent "yarn," for which we must say *vide* publication. The same to a Sterne-ish Parisian story of "Unmentionables," and other miscellaneous parts. The annexed from Palermo, however, is too well suited to a literary and scientific journal to be omitted:—

"Our first trip at Palermo was to the Palazzo Reale, on the top of which, in the old fashion, the observatory is placed: in modern times they are built on the ground, where

alone they can be free from the tremor to which all buildings, especially if they be lofty, are liable. My object was to reach the observatory before Signore Cacciatore, the astronomer—a well-known name—should leave the palace, and I just succeeded, for, with his hat on his head, and came in hand, he was making his escape, after taking the meridian observation; but he immediately turned back, and we entered the observatory together. I found, much to my disappointment, that he spoke no French, and, moreover, was very deaf! while, on the other side, I spoke very little Italian, and that little none of the best. Nevertheless, we got on charmingly, and by that freemasonry of science which is common to all languages and climates, contrived to maintain a most interesting conversation (interesting and instructive to me, at least,) for more than an hour. Most people are aware that the celebrated astronomer Piazzi discovered the small planet Ceres at Palermo in this very observatory, with an instrument of Ramsden's which we had the satisfaction of seeing. This important discovery led the way almost immediately to several others of a similar nature. It was made on the 1st of January, 1801, at which period the present astronomer, Cacciatore, was Piazzi's assistant in the observatory of which he is now the chief. As Piazzi was at that time engaged in making the noble catalogue of the stars, which has since become so well known, he placed himself at the telescope, and observed the stars as they passed the meridian, while Cacciatore wrote down the times, and the polar distances, as they were read off by his chief. Certain stars passed the wires, and were recorded as usual on the 1st of January, 1801. On the next night, when the same part of the heavens came under review, several of the stars observed the evening before were again looked at, and their places recorded. Of these, however, there was one which did not fit the position assigned to it on the previous night, either in right ascension, or in declination. 'I think,' said Piazzi to his companion, 'you must, accidentally, have written down the time of that star's passage, and its distance from the pole, incorrectly.' 'To this,' said Cacciatore, who told me the story, 'I made no reply, but took especial pains to set down the next evening's observations with great care. On the third night there again occurred a discordance, and again a remark from Piazzi that an erroneous entry had probably been made by me of the place of the star. I was rather piqued at this,' said Cacciatore, 'and respectfully suggested that possibly the error lay in the observation, not in the record. Under these circumstances, and both parties being now fully awakened as to the importance of the result, we watched for the transit of the disputed star with great anxiety on the fourth night. When lo, and behold! it was again wide of the place it had occupied in the heavens on the preceding and all the other nights on which it had been observed.' 'Oh, oh!' cried the delighted Piazzi, 'we have found a planet while we thought we were observing a fixed star; let us watch it more attentively.' The result soon confirmed this conjecture, and thus was made one of the most interesting, and I may say useful, astronomical discoveries of modern times; since it obviously led the way, almost immediately, to that of the three other telescopic planets,—Pallas, by Olbers, on the 28th March, 1802; Juno, by Harding, on the 1st September, 1804; and Vesta, also by Olbers, on the 29th March, 1807. All these four minor planets, it may be observed, which lie between Mars and Jupiter, are nearly equi-

distant from the sun, the nearest, Vesta, being at about twice and a quarter farther from the sun than the earth is; and the most remote, viz. Pallas, being at about twice and three-quarters of our distance from the sun. While speaking of these things, it may be well to mention that Uranus, or the Georgian, the planet discovered by Sir William Herschel on the 13th of March, 1781, is also telescopic; that is to say, it is visible only by the aid of a glass. Its distance from the sun is upwards of nineteen times greater than that of the earth."

And now we must conclude our *Patchwork*, of which, if the sample snipped off pleases as much as the original is calculated to do, our readers will lose little time in procuring a sight of the whole quilt.

Tour to the Sepulchres of Etruria in 1839. By Mrs. Hamilton Gray. With numerous Illustrations. 12mo. pp. 507. London, 1840. Hatchard and Son.

THOUGH not possessed of the highest requisites for a tour of this kind—a deep study of antiquity and an extensive acquaintance with ancient languages, inscriptions, and mythology—Mrs. Hamilton Gray has brought an inquisitive spirit to her task, and has not marred it by attempting to go beyond the measure of her actual observation. She is, consequently, little of a theorist; and with her intelligence the less she is the better; and simply lays before us the facts that came under her eye, and copies of the figures seen on the interesting vases and more interesting tombs of the very ancient people whose remains of art and monuments she describes.

In one respect she is faulty to a degree which makes an antiquary mourn. Often when we come to matters where the most accurate and minute details are wanted, we are turned round with a *nonchalance* which would detract from the value of the commonest tourist through the most trodden country, and coolly told that the writer had forgotten some of the most important and essential parts of her story. When we met with these we were almost inclined to throw the book into the fire; but its better portions and the novel information it really supplied saved it from the *auto da fe*; and we read on and were pleased and instructed. Now to dismiss all the faults we intend to find at once, we may as well state here that the style is occasionally rather slip-slop; and that now and then some very fanciful opinions are hazarded. Of the first blot, the following are examples:—

The Papal Museum at Rome "was one of our favourite haunts in Rome, although it was not until nearly the end of our residence there that we were capable of fully enjoying it, for at the beginning we were too ignorant to know what were the objects most rare, most curious, or most worthy of admiration or attention. Ignorance, however, is always pardonable, and often unavoidable, upon subjects that are new; but not so the pert contempt with which many of our well-educated countrymen treat every thing they do not understand. * * * The first rooms are entirely filled with terra cotta; amongst which one might easily miss some rude and ugly, but very singular, and, as the Germans would say, mark-worthy sepulchral urns. They stand upon a shelf at the entrance of the first room, and were found at Albano under the lava of a volcano, which must have been extinct before the foundation of Alba Longa, 300 years prior to Rome. They were filled with ashes, and are supposed to represent the huts which their tenants inhabited during life. When first discovered, an antiquity beyond human record

was assigned to them, as they were supposed to have been buried prior to the eruption of lava under which they were found; but recent examination has shewn that they were placed in excavations made in, and under the lava, and that they probably belonged to the old Latin inhabitants of Alba Longa. They are certainly very interesting, and yet I was much disappointed, because they are not at all arranged in the poetic order in which they were found, and in which they used to be shewn in the museum at Albano, shrined within a vase, a lamp, knife, style, canceller, and various other instruments near them. They are also without any description in or near them, and I half doubted my guide as to their being really the celebrated funeral huts of Albano, which, however, they are."

"At Monte Nerone, 'The wells and galleries were hewn out of the tufo, like the lower tomb, though all that we saw was rich loose soil artificially brought there to cover the labour and build up the hill. Now was this work Egyptian? which, substituting the cone for the pyramid, it most closely resembled, as wells and galleries of this identical disposition have lately been found in the tomb of Cheops; or was it Greek? The early sepulchres of which nation were a mound resting upon a wall of broad stone, as seen at Mycene, and who themselves said that they had derived their civilisation from Egypt, though we moderns are pleased to say otherwise; or was it purely Etruscan, and were the wells and galleries intended as the beginnings of a labyrinth, like many of the tombs of North Etruria? Oblivion, answer these things when thy great book shall be unclosed."

The engravings (supposing them, as we do, to be correct) are extremely interesting, and illustrate the antiquities of Veii, Tarquinia, Tuscania, Vulci, Caere, Castel d'Asso, Clusium, Volterra, and other portions of Etruria. Among other remains are depicted some from Cervetri, in possession of the papal general Galassi, now in the Gregorian Museum, and respecting which it is stated:—

"If we had been surprised at Campanari's exhibition, we were petrified at the general's. Here we saw an immense breastplate of gold, which had been fastened on each shoulder by a most delicately wrought gold fibula, with chains like those now made at Trinchinopoly. The breastplate was stamped with a variety of arabesques and small patterns, as usual in the Egyptian style. The head had been crowned with fillets and circular ornaments of pure gold, and a rich mantle had covered the body, flowered with the same material. In this grave also had been found a quantity of arms, round bronze shields with a boss in the centre which was stamped, spears, lances, and arrows; a bier of bronze, as perfect as if made a year ago; a tripod, with a vessel containing some strange-looking lumps of a resinous substance, and which on being burnt proved to be perfumes so intensely strong, that those who tried them were obliged to leave the room. There were many small images, perhaps of lares, or of ancestors, in terra cotta that had been ranged in double lines close to the bier; also some large common vessels for wine and oil, and some finely painted vases and tazze, with black figures upon a red ground, which had been consecrated to the dead. There were wheels of a car upon which the bier had been brought into the sepulchre, and many other things which I do not remember; but the wonder of all these treasures was a sort of inkstand of terra cotta, which had served as a schoolmaster's A B C. On it were the Etruscan letters, first in alphabet, and then in syllables,

and both the letters and the syllables are the same as the oldest form of the Greek. It was deciphered by Dr. Lepsius, and is the key to all we at present know, and will be the basis of all we are ever likely to know, of the Etruscan tongue."

Again, of ancient coinage:—

"Father Marchi has collected specimens of no less than forty different mints of Italian nations prior to Rome, or contemporary with the foundation of the city; and in 1839 he had arranged twelve complete series of asses with their subdivisions, in such a manner as to shew the political relation in which the cities, whose coins they were, stood to each other. A consecutive series has generally the same reverse upon all its subdivisions. In these twelve series of twelve different cities or states, there appear to have been three leagues, each consisting of four towns; and the devices of the coins not only mark the confederation, but the way in which each city was joined or related to the other, as a superior or a subordinate member of the league. There was first the coin bearing the emblem of the original parent city which sent forth its colony; or else of the more powerful city, with which some one of inferior note was incorporated. Next was the coin with the original badge, united with another to denote the daughter or ally. Next was the coin with a badge more faintly resembling that of the first, and more strongly that of the second, or *vice versa*, to denote another member of the confederation connected with it, either through the original or through the subordinate city. It altogether reminded me of the science of blazon or heraldry; and while Etruscan vases constantly exhibit heraldic devices, it seemed as if in ancient Etruria, Latium, or Sabina, we were to trace the origin of marks of cadency. But though Father Marchi has traced upwards of forty different coinages prior to Rome, and has proved the existence of such a number of confederated states or cities, he has as yet been able to identify very few of them; but it is impossible to say what discoveries he may not yet make, with the persevering and unceasing labour of his historical knowledge and antiquarian investigation. To those who have no opportunity of visiting the Jesuits' College, the numismatical work I have mentioned will give a good idea of the value and nature of its stores in that department."

Of vases it is mentioned:—

"The jars with three handles were appropriated to women, and those with two handles to men. In the red vases with black figures, the white paint which marks a female face is often rubbed or worn off; and then the sex is known by the form of the eye, the men having always round eyes, and the women, or goddesses, long ones. The commonest subjects are either races, or a winged genius giving to the dead hero the cup of immortality. * * *

"We visited several small private collections of Etruscan curiosities, but to detail them would be mere repetition. I cannot forbear, however, mentioning a pair of vases in the possession of Fossati, which were creating quite a sensation before we left Rome. They were found in Sabina, and I think in different tombs, but they were both illustrations of a very ancient Persian poem—the one an allegory of the sun, and the other of the moon. They were of inferior clay, but of great size and handsome form, and altogether very grand-looking; and as the allegory was depicted exactly according to the poem, it, i.e. the poem, was evidently known to the painter of these vases. Upon this the learned have grounded

a commerce was between Etruria and Persia, either immediately, or through Phœnicia, and a proof of how widely spread Oriental literature must have been in Italy. It is certainly almost as wonderful to have found the illustrations of a Persian poem in an ancient tomb in Sabina, as to have found a Chinese smelling-bottle lying beside a Pharaoh in Egypt. No one for some time could obtain possession of these vases, because the Pope was in treaty for them; but as Fossati would not accept of the price offered, which was, I think, seventy louis each, they were unsold when I left Rome, and were no longer to be kept for the Vatican."

These miscellaneous extracts from the first seventy-five pages of the volume will indicate its character and worth. By and by our fair countrywoman proceeded on her tour, and her first stop was at Veii, where we hear:—

"The baker's tomb with statues in it of himself and his wife at the Porta Maggiore, and Count Lozano's tomb at the Porta S. Lorenzo, with fine bassi relievi upon three noble sarcophagi, were discovered whilst we were at Rome. But though the statues in the one, and the subjects of sculpture in the other, bear much resemblance to Etruria, the manner of executing them was different, and not to be mistaken. The name of the site of our 'scavo,' as the Italians call an excavation, was 'Pozzo Michele,' or Michael's well; why so called I cannot think, as it lay upon a steep dry slope. We all agreed that it had been previously opened, because the vases shewed that it had been tenanted, and the absence of bones or ashes, that it had been spoiled; but we might have known from another sign that it had fallen a prey to previous antiquaries or treasure-hunters, from its having no doors. Every Etruscan unviolated tomb as yet discovered is most artificially closed by one or two immense stone leaves. Each leaf is a single stone curiously jointed and hinged, and so very exactly closed, that it is difficult to open without breaking, and in the greater number of instances the doors are broken to pieces and thrown away, or perhaps carried off to build up the first sheep wall, or the nearest shepherd's hut. The doors of our tomb had been destroyed, and the space filled up, as has almost always been done, with loose stones. Ours had one stone wanting at the top, about the size of a man's hand, either because it had never been put in, or because it had been so loosely and carelessly, or so hurriedly done, that it fell inwards, and in consequence the bottom of the tomb presented mud instead of clean dry tufo. After we had completely rifled this tomb, it would probably the next day be filled up to restore the ground for sheep-grazing, and in a fortnight Pozzo Michele would look as green and undisturbed as it did the day before we opened it. In fifty years' time the men who opened it, and those who saw it opened, will be no more; Capranesi's excavations will be forgotten or doubted, and some new projector and antiquity-hunter will very possibly reopen this grave to find that it has been already spoiled. Thus it happens with many magnificent Roman sepulchres in the immediate neighbourhood of Rome. I believe that no excavations whatever were undertaken until the French began to disinter the ancient Forum, and the triumphal arches of Rome itself, which were half filled up, and obscured with earth. Yet even during this short period, since knowledge has spread, and research and avarice have been awakened, half the opened tombs are forgotten, and now are re-excavating by English gentlemen and noblemen who spend

their money to be disappointed. The first excavations we heard of were undertaken by Georgio in 1810. When any thing very remarkable or very beautiful has been found, information of late years has been given to the Archaeological Society, and some of the members have copied the curious object, and preserved an account of it in their Annals; but no plan has ever yet been made of the ground explored, so that the situation of the ancient, and opened, and rifled tombs might or could be known without a second excavation. In the first instance, too, they were almost all explored by dealers in antiquities; men who cared much for profit, but nothing for science; and therefore those observations, the most interesting to society in general, of the style of architecture, the objects found accumulated together, and their era, were never made, and in the greater number of instances can now never be ascertained. In Etruria the ground that has been opened is as yet well known, because, with scarcely an exception, it is either in the hands of a very few dealers, such as Capranesi, Campanari, Fossati, Bassaggio, or of eminent collectors like Cav. Campana or the Prince of Canino. It is the same in Tuscan Etruria and in Neapolitan, at least as far as our inquiries went; but when this generation shall have passed away, what is there to preserve the memory of the ground which they hired, searched, and filled in again! and who is to say what was found in any particular tomb, and what bronzes or sculpture in marble or alabaster, what vases or terra cotta vessels, what figures in stone or clay, what scarabei engravings or gold ornaments are contemporary, and were found together? Any of the first-rate dealers will tell you at once that such a vase, or marble, or bronze, came from Veii Etruscan, or Veii Roman; from Cere, Volci, Viterbo, &c.; but what tomb they came from, and what other objects were found with them, what might be the date of the tomb, and why such a date is assigned, in nineteen instances out of twenty they are unable to tell you. Fortunately for science and for history, and for knowledge in general, the attention of some learned and powerful minds has at last been awakened to the subject; the richest and finest tombs opened since A.D. 1836 have been made known to the Archaeological Society, and laid open to their inspection before they were destroyed and their contents removed; and some of the dealers and some of the private collectors are themselves studious men. Amongst them we can name with honour Cavaliere Campana, Capranesi, and Campanari, and many are following in their wake. Still a more general attention to the subject is desirable, for as yet those who put science on a par with gold, and do not get the tomb opened solely for its treasures, and then fill it in again, are the exceptions, and not the rule."

[To be continued.]

The Scientific and Literary Treasury; a New and Popular Encyclopedia of the Belles Lettres; condensed in Form, familiar in Style, and copious in Information: embracing an extensive range of Subjects in Literature, Science, and Art. The whole surrounded with Marginal Notes, containing Concise Facts with Appropriate Observations. By Samuel Maunder, author of the "Treasury of Knowledge," "Biographical Treasury," &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 832. London, 1841. Longman and Co.

The industry and sound sense of Mr. Maunder have been manifested in a manner so honourable to him, and so serviceable to the com-

munity, in his preceding publications, that we should think his mere name on the title-page far more than a necessary passport and recommendation to this his new and more extensive work. Much as such a production is wanted, it could not have fallen into better hands, or been executed altogether in a more satisfactory way. It is truly a *Treasury* full of valuable stores. "What d'ye lack?" was the inviting cry of an earlier time, and its answer is in these pages; for, seek almost what you will, the intelligence is collected and arranged there. The work must have occupied a vast deal of time and labour—of time and labour judiciously bestowed in omitting the unprofitable, retaining the useful, and throwing an air of interest over the whole, which impresses what is light, and lightens what is grave. The construction is excellent, the references ready, and the intelligence and judgment of the whole evident, not only in the substance, but in the adequate extent allotted to every article and explanation. The scientific definitions deserve our best praise; but, perhaps, we may more aptly illustrate the character of this dictionary, and display the talent of the writer, by copying a few miscellaneous heads as samples of the rest:—

"*Anagram*, the change of one word or phrase into another, by the transposition of its letters. They were very common among the ancients, and occasionally contained some happy allusion; but, perhaps, none were more appropriate than the anagram made by Dr. Burney on the name of the hero of the Nile, just after that important victory took place: Horatio Nelson, '*Honor est a Nilo*.' They are frequently employed satirically, or jestingly, with little aim beyond that of exercising the ingenuity of their authors. Thus, if the reader were to transpose the letters contained in the title of our youthful queen. Her most gracious Majesty Alexandrina Victoria! he would find that the following anagram might be formed of them: '*Ah! my extravagant joco-serious radical minister!*' Now it may be difficult to imagine any thing more ridiculous or inapplicable than such an exclamation, yet one-half of the anagrams in existence are not a whit less absurd; and it is therefore surprising that pastime so puerile and trifling should have been treated seriously by the literati of any age. [A few more anagrammatical specimens are inserted between the marginal rules, but the only ones for which we claim the merit of originality are those on the Queen and the Duke of Wellington: in the latter the redundant letter *k* may well be allowed to stand for his numerous orders of knighthood, and his long career of successful valour entitles him to the appellation of a knight *par excellence*.]

"*Anagram* (military), for 'His grace the Duke of Wellington!' read 'Well fought, k—! no disgrace in thee.' [k, i. e. knight.]

"*Abstinent*, a sect of Christians who appeared in France about the end of the third century, professing celibacy, and abstinence from particular kinds of food, &c.—The most rigid Abstinentes of the present day are those who, under the whimsical denomination of *tea-totalers* (tea-totalers?), profess to abstain wholly from the use of all liquors stronger than tea or coffee. In the United States, according to a calculation which has appeared, nearly half a million belong to the different 'Temperance societies'; and even their disciples in England, on a general muster-day, are able to make a display of forces sufficiently numerous, we should think, to alarm the proprietors and keepers of those temples of sin called gin-palaces, which rear their unblushing heads in every street in the metropolis, presenting to the mind,

when viewed in contrast with the squalid and filthy wretches who support them, a truly appalling picture of moral, mental, and physical degradation. Whatever means may be found most effectual for banishing the detestable vice of drunkenness from civilised life, should most assuredly be promoted, whether it be teetotalism, the stocks, or the whipping-post; yet we cannot help feeling that there is something bordering upon the ludicrous in these promiscuous assemblages, where 'reformed' drunkards, i. e. emaciated old sots, either affecting abstemiousness or having spent all their substance in Bacchanalian orgies, set up for apostles of temperance, and descendant on their former bibulous propensities, in order that blushing maidens and innocent youths may have an adequate idea of the enormity of drinking a glass of home-made wine. It should, however, be observed that, as among professing Christians some are less strict than others, so among the advocates of the 'Temperance system,' some give much greater latitude than others to the meaning of the term; nay, there are those, we understand, who, so far from insisting on the necessity of teetotalism, regard it as a wishy-washy doctrine, and are willing to allow their converts a generous glass whenever the wants of the body require one. There appears to be a wise liberality in this, which induces us to hope their efforts may eventually succeed.

"*Block*, a sea term for a pulley, or series of pulleys, mounted in a frame, or shell, which serves to facilitate the passage of the ropes. The *blocks* now used in the navy are made in Portsmouth by means of circular saws and other machinery, of most ingenious construction, by which the several operations from the rough timber to the perfect *block* are performed in the completest manner possible; the whole being worked by means of a steam-engine. We have lately seen it asserted, with an air of authoritative veracity, that 'the machinery for supplying the royal navy with blocks (which is characterised as 'one of the wonders of the world') is the invention of Mr. Brunel. We have no wish to detract from the *real* inventions of this gentleman, whose scientific acquirements are too numerous and too important for him to require the aid of borrowed plumage; but we feel ourselves bound to contradict the statement in express terms. Great, and even wonderful, as Mr. Brunel's improvements may have been, the merit of *inventing* the block machinery is due to the late Mr. Walter Taylor, of Woodmill, in the parish of South Stoneham, Hants, where his original manufactory of blocks and pumps for the navy for many years existed. And we observe that in an able local work, entitled '*Sketches of Hampshire*,' lately published, the circumstance is thus noticed:— 'To the ingenuity of that gentleman (Mr. Taylor) this country is lastingly indebted; for when the government took into their own hands the manufacture of blocks, and erected the celebrated machinery in Portsmouth dockyard for that purpose, they availed themselves most advantageously of Mr. Taylor's *prior inventions*. As the sole credit of the conceptions, as well as of the perfection of that machinery, is very generally, though erroneously, attributed to the fertile genius of Mr. Brunel, it is but just in this place to assert the claim of a late inhabitant of South Stoneham to his fair share of that meed of applause which is too often exclusively offered to the successful engineer who had the good fortune to perfect the design which Mr. Taylor commenced.' The block-making machine, as it now exists at Portsmouth

dock-yard, unites the action of sixteen different machines in one steam-engine—seven for the shell, and nine for the sheave. Ten men do the work of 110. It makes about 200 sorts and sizes of blocks; viz. 72 sizes of thick blocks, 48 of thin blocks, 10 of clue-line ditto, 20 sister blocks, 20 topsail ditto, 24 fiddle ditto, 20 jack ditto; and of these various kinds, the machines make 1420 blocks per day! Yet when we add that every 74-gun ship requires about 1300 blocks, and there are 200 different sizes, varying from 4 to 24 inches in length, no one need be surprised at the importance which is attached to this beautiful machinery.

“*Cemetery*, a repository for the dead. Among modern improvements, perhaps few are more deserving of commendation than the custom, recently introduced, of appropriating an eligible spot of ground, at a convenient distance from populous towns, for the purpose of human interment. Who is there, for instance, that has observed the neatness, order, and quietude which characterise the cemetery at Kensal Green (a few miles to the north-west of London), and does not rejoice that the indecent practice of piling coffin upon coffin in the noisome churchyards of a crowded city is likely, in a few years more, to be remembered only as a relic of barbarism? There is, indeed, a suitable solemnity about the hallowed precincts of a country church—the uninspiring fane, the aged yew-trees, and the artless tributes to departed worth. There undisturbed the ashes of our fathers rest,—there no other cemetery is needed; but amid the crowded haunts of man, where the population is dense, and all around teems with the noise and bustle of commercial enterprise, the sensitive mind recoils, almost with horror, at the idea of such a spot being made a receptacle for the mouldering remains of frail mortality.—Although the idea of public cemeteries did not originate with us, it is pleasing to know that the example set in the metropolis is rapidly extending to other large places, and that the feeling which at first existed against them is fast subsiding. Reason has in this instance triumphed over prejudice: and though we are not very anxious to see the generality of Parisian customs followed, we are not the less disposed to adopt any which come so powerfully recommended as that of their interesting cemetery, *Père-la-Chaise*. This city of the dead is situated on a rising ground in the north-west part of Paris, and from it you look down on the gayest scene in the world! It contains a great variety of tombs, and funeral monuments of every style; some simple and unaffected; others elaborate both in workmanship and in the praise of those for whom they were erected; while many record not even the names of those whose bones repose beneath.

“*Party*, in a political sense, has been well defined, ‘the madness of the many for the gain of the few.’ Yet it differs from *faction*, in implying a less dishonourable association of persons, or more justifiable designs. Free governments are the hotbeds of party; yet, probably, without the existence of opposing parties in a state, civil freedom would no longer exist.—*Party*, in military affairs, a small detachment or number of men sent upon any particular duty, as a recruiting party, &c.—The word *party* is likewise used to qualify other words, and may be considered either as part of a compound word, or as an adjective; as *party rage*, *party disputes*, &c.—*Party-coloured*, having divers colours; as, a party-coloured plume, &c.—*Party-walls*, partitions of brick made between buildings separately occupied, to prevent the spreading of fire.—*Party-jury*, in law, a

jury consisting of half foreigners and half Englishmen.

“*Spoonful*, as much as a spoon will contain. [It will not be supposed that this word is inserted here, merely in order to give a definition which every child is perfectly well acquainted with. Our motive is, to protest against those ridiculous innovations in language which originate either in a misapprehension of the simplest rules of grammar, or in the pride of half-taught pedantry; but which the ‘many’ are silly enough to adopt in compliance with a prevalent custom, however ill-founded. The word *spoonful* (which designates a certain quantity, or as much as will fill a spoon) is a noun, whose plural is regularly formed by adding *s*; thus ‘a spoonful,’ ‘two or more spoonfuls;’ and it is a violation of grammar to write it otherwise. Yet we have *teaspoonsful* of this, and *tablespoonsful* of that, in every page of nearly all our ‘domestic’ guides: nay, even the apothecaries (who surely ought to know better) now almost invariably direct us to take ‘two or three *spoonsful*,’ as the case may be. These remarks are of course applicable to all words similarly formed, as *nailsful*, *handsful*, *mouthisful*, *bellysful*! from painful, handful, &c.]

“*Hygeia*, a word derived from *Hygieia*, the goddess of health; denoting that by the right use of medical science our health may be preserved. But, alas! in these days of presumption, we find the term associated with the name of one of those pests of society—an unblushing empiric! When the healing art was practised in the temple of *Esculapius*, the god of medicine and the goddess of health were always in close connexion: the dictates of the one were the maxims of the other. Little did their votaries think that the temple of their smiling goddess was doomed to be transformed into a quack-doctor’s shop, or that her health-inspiring bowl would be one day metamorphosed into a pill-box! We recollect having once thrown a poetical dart (a pointless one, as it has proved) at these nefarious life-destroyers, under the title of ‘The Empiric,’ from which, with pardonable egotism, we trust, we may here be allowed to transcribe (merely) the concluding stanza:—

“*Hygieia*, hail! I’ll drink at thy pure spring,
Where Temperance and Exercise preside;
And while life’s dearest boon thy handmaids bring,
Through from the winepress flow the purple tide,
The tempting goblet from my lips I’ll fling—
Scorning the gifts by luxury supplied.
Hail! then, *Hygieia*, hail! thee, goddess, I adore,
For, blest with health, I’m rich,—though scanty be
my store!”

Half-a-dozen samples are as good as a hundred, or we might well have added the words “*Mail*,” “*Education*,” “*Phrenology*,” “*Slavery*,” “*University*,” “*Wood*,” &c. &c. &c. to prove how diligently Mr. Maunder had sought, and how ably put together, the latest information. Suffice it to say, he has produced a volume of great and general utility, every way worthy of his established reputation as an eminent public instructor.

SIR T. USSHER’S NAPOLEON, ETC.
[Second Notice.]

Pursuing our hasty sketch of this volume, we find the following portions of it of sufficient interest to be quoted, in reference to a memorable epoch in the life of the extraordinary man, who once all but held the empire of the world. Our last was confined to his doings in the Lilliputian empire of Elba, where he seemed to be as busy with the cares of government as when the Continent of Europe was at his feet. The Elephant was

picking up pins. Previous to his embarkation for that destiny, however, we are told some curious personal circumstances: as, for instance, at his arrival at Frejus, where Captain Ussher waited upon him, he says:—

“Colonel Campbell, although suffering severely from his wounds, immediately accompanied me to the Chapeau Rouge, a small *auberge*, or hotel (and I believe the only one in Frejus), where Napoleon was lodged; and, whatever my previous feelings might have been towards this the most powerful and constant enemy the country had to contend with, I am proud to confess, all resentment and uncharitable feeling, if any ever existed, quickly vanished, and I felt all the delicacy of the situation, in which circumstances the most extraordinary had placed me. His faithful follower in adversity, Comte Bertrand, was in attendance; and having announced Colonel Campbell and myself, we were immediately presented to him. Napoleon was dressed in the regimentals of the ‘*Vieille Garde*,’ and wore the star of the Legion of Honour; he walked forward to meet us with a book open in his hand, to which he occasionally referred, when asking me questions about Elba and the voyage thither; he received us with great condescension and politeness: his manner was dignified, but he appeared to feel his fallen state. Having asked me several questions regarding my ship, he invited us to dine with him, upon which we retired. I was shortly afterwards waited upon by Comte Bertrand, who presented me with lists of the baggage, carriages, horses, &c., belonging to the emperor. I immediately made arrangements for receiving them, and then demanded an interview with the several envoys of the allied sovereigns, feeling that, placed in a position of such peculiar responsibility and delicacy, it was necessary for me to learn from them the instructions they had received from their respective sovereigns, that I might shape my conduct accordingly; and particularly to know from them what ceremony was to be observed on Napoleon’s embarkation, and on arriving on board the *Undaunted*, as I was desirous to treat him with that generosity towards a fallen enemy which is ever congenial to the spirit and feelings of Englishmen. They informed me that their instructions were precise and positive, and that he was styled by the treaty of Fontainebleau Emperor and Sovereign of the island of Elba. I still entertained doubts as to the propriety of receiving him with a royal salute, but Colonel Campbell (in order to remove every doubt on that subject) shewed me Lord Castlereagh’s instructions to him, which were conclusive. I now gave orders to embark the Emperor’s baggage, carriages, and horses. Soon after, the *Dryade*, French frigate, and the *Victorieuse*, corvette, arrived in the roads and anchored. The Comte de Montcalibri, on landing, expressed his surprise to my first lieutenant on seeing the baggage going on board. But upon being presented to the Emperor shortly after, and learning his intention of embarking on board the *Undaunted*, he returned to his ship and sailed out of the bay, with the *Victorieuse* in company. The *Victorieuse*, I was given to understand, was to have remained at Elba in the Emperor’s service. The party at table consisted of the Prince Schouvaloff, Russian envoy; Baron Koller, Austrian envoy; Comte Truxos, Prussian envoy; and our envoy, Col. Campbell; Comte Clam, aide-de-camp to Prince Swartzenburgh; Comte Bertrand, Druo, and myself. The Emperor did not appear at all reserved, but, on

the contrary, entered freely into conversation, and kept it up with great animation; he appeared to shew marked attention to Baron Koller, who sat on his right hand. Talking of his intentions of building a large fleet, he alluded to the Dutch navy, of which he had formed a very mean opinion; he said that he had improved their navy, by sending able naval architects to Holland, and that he had built some fine ships there; the *Austerlitz* (he said) was one of the finest ships in the world; in speaking of her, he addressed himself to Prince Schouwaloff, who did not seem to like the allusion; he said the only use he could make of the old Dutch men-of-war was to fit them to carry horses to Ireland. He talked of the Elbe; said the importance of that river was but little known; that the finest timber for ship-building could be brought there, at a small expense, from Poland, &c. &c. I slept this night at Frejus, and was awake at four in the morning by two of the principal inhabitants, who came into my room to implore me to embark the Emperor as quickly as possible, intelligence having been received that the army of Italy, lately under the command of Eugene Beauharnais, was broken up; that the soldiers were entering France in large bodies, and were as devoted as ever to their chief; these gentlemen were afraid the Emperor might put himself at their head: I informed them I had no more to do with embarking the Emperor than they had, and requested them to make known to the envoys (who, I dare say, were as little pleased as I was, in being awake at so unseasonable an hour) their fears and misgivings. It was, indeed, pretty evident that Napoleon was in no hurry to quit the shores of France, and appeared to have some motive for remaining. The envoys became rather uneasy, and requested me to endeavour to prevail upon him to embark that day. In order to meet their wishes I demanded an interview, and pointed out to the Emperor the uncertainty of winds, and the difficulty I should have in landing in the boats, should the wind change to the southward and drive in a swell upon the beach, which, from the present appearance of the weather, would, in all probability, happen before many hours; in which case I should be obliged, for the safety of his majesty's ship, to put to sea again; I then took leave and went on board, and at ten o'clock received the following note from Col. Campbell:—

"Dear Usher,—The Emperor is not very well. He wishes to delay embarking for a few hours, if you think it will be possible then; that you may not be kept in suspense, he begs you will leave one of your officers here, who can make a signal to your ship when it is necessary to prepare, and he will also send previous warning. I think you had better come up, or send, and we can fix a signal, such as a white sheet at the end of the street. The bearer has orders to place at your disposal a hussar and a horse, whenever you wish to go up or down. Let me know your wishes by bearer: you will find me at General Koller's."

"10 A.M. N. CAMPBELL."

"Napoleon, finding that it was my determination to put to sea, saw the necessity of yielding to circumstances; Bertrand was accordingly directed to have the carriages ready at seven o'clock. I waited on the Emperor (at a quarter before seven) to inform him that my barge was at the beach; I remained alone with him in his room at the town, until the carriage, which was to convey him to the boat, was announced. He walked up and down the

room, apparently in deep thought. There now was a loud noise in the street, upon which I remarked that a French mob was the worst of all mobs (I hardly know why I made this remark); he replied, 'Yes, they are a fickle people;' and added, 'They are like a weather-cock.' At this moment Comte Bertrand announced the carriages; he immediately put on his sword, which was lying on the table, and said, 'Allons, capitaine.' I turned from him to feel if my sword was loose in the scabbard, fancying I might have occasion to use it. The folding-doors (which opened on a pretty large landing-place) were now thrown open, when there appeared a number of most respectable-looking people, the ladies in full dress, waiting to see him. They were perfectly silent; but bowed most respectfully to the Emperor, who went up to a very pretty young woman in the midst of the group, and asked her, in a courteous tone, if she was married, and how many children she had. He scarcely waited for a reply; but, bowing to each individual as he descended the staircase, stepped into his carriage, desiring Baron Koller, myself, and Comte Bertrand (the *Mareschal du Palais*), to accompany him. The carriage immediately drove off at full speed to the beach, followed by the carriages of the envoys. On arriving there the scene was deeply interesting. It was a bright moonlight night, with little wind; a regiment of cavalry was drawn up in a line upon the beach, and among the trees. On the carriage approaching, the bugles sounded, which, with the neighing of horses, and the noise of the people assembled to bid adieu to their fallen chief, was to me in the highest degree interesting. The Emperor, having left the carriage, embraced Prince Schouwaloff (who, with Comte Truxos, took leave and returned to Paris), and, taking my arm, proceeded immediately towards the barge, which was waiting to receive us. Lieutenant Smith (nephew of Sir Sidney Smith, who, it is well known, had been some time confined in the Temple with Captain Wright) was, by a strange coincidence, the officer in command of the boat. He came forward and assisted the Emperor along the gang-board into the boat. The Undaunted lay close in, with her topsails hoisted, lying to. On arriving alongside, I immediately went up the side to receive the Emperor on the quarter-deck. He took his hat off and bowed to the officers who were all assembled on the deck. He soon afterwards went forward to the fore-castle amongst the people, and I found him there conversing with those among them who understood a little French. Nothing seemed to escape his observation."

In passing near Calvi, Corsica, the writer states:—

"At daylight we saw the town of Calvi bearing south: Napoleon was on deck earlier than usual; he seemed in high spirits; looked most earnestly at the shore, asking the officers questions relative to landing-places, &c. As we closed with the shore, the wind moderated. During the bad weather Napoleon remained constantly on deck, and was not in the least affected by the motion of the ship: this was not the case, however, with his attendants, who suffered a good deal. The wind now coming off the land, we hauled close in shore; Napoleon took great delight in examining it with his glass, and told us many anecdotes of his younger days. We rounded a bold rocky cape, within two or three cables' length. Napoleon, addressing himself to Baron Koller, said he thought a walk on shore would do them

good, and proposed landing to explore the cliffs. The baron whispered that he knew him too well to trust him on such an excursion, and begged me not to listen to his suggestion."

Among the various conversations reported with Buonaparte, the following is most noticeable:—

"In talking of his marshals, he seemed to regret that he had not allowed some of them to retire; he said they wanted retirement; he ought to have made a batch of young men who would have been attached to him: like Massena, he considered Gourvion St. Cyr one of his best soldiers. He said Ney was a man that lived on fire; that he would go into the cannon's mouth if he was ordered; but he was not a man of talent or education. Marmont was a good soldier, but a weak man. Soult was a talented and a good soldier. Bernadotte, he said, had behaved ill on one occasion, and that he ought to have been tried by a court-martial: he did not interfere or influence in any way his election by the Swedes. He had a high opinion of Junot."

At the conclusion of Sir T. Usher's narrative is a suitable companion for it, namely, Colonel Laborde's account of Buonaparte's return from Elba to Paris, the particulars of which will well repay the curiosity of readers. His fate more than once hung upon a mere thread.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Thomas Pringle's Narrative of a Residence in South Africa. Double col. 8vo. pp. 116. (London, Moxon).—A new edition of this popular work, with a biographical sketch of the amiable author by Mr. Josiah Conder, has been produced by Mr. Moxon, and adds to the credit he is earning by the revival of so many instructive publications in a cheap form.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PURIFICATION OF WATER.

FOR a quarter of a century we have taken cognisance of the inventions and improvements which have marked the advancement of the useful arts for the benefit of man, during a period very remarkable for the number and value of these discoveries. We have noticed the first struggling steps of many which are now in full vigour, and contributing largely to the amount of social comfort, health, and happiness. We have seen new elements introduced into the business of life, time rendered trebly valuable, effort tenfold more easy, and a universal amelioration of the condition of our species. Would we could truly say that all this was attended by a commensurate diffusion of human prosperity and enjoyment; but there is still too much of want, distress, and misery in the world, to permit us to lay the flattering unction to our soul: and though much has been done, much yet remains to do in the application of what is good for the general weal.

The matter which has called forth these few remarks is of a nature not to be mistaken, and which cannot fail to spread a great deal of comfort and luxury throughout society. We allude to a method for purifying water, the most simple and effectual that ever we witnessed, or could even fancy. For this a patent has been obtained by Mr. T. Cliff Jones, of Stamford Street; and on his premises we have carefully examined the process, by which any foul or impregnated water, even to the muddy sweepings of a yard, is converted in two minutes (at the rate of thousands of gallons daily) into water as pure as crystal, and as potable as if from a silver spring! The bare announcement of such a fact is sufficient; but many

important considerations at once attach themselves to it.

Wines, oils, vinegar, and other liquids, are cleared of all impurities, and rendered in a fine condition by the same simple process.

When it is considered that London in particular is supplied with water from the Thames, into which every description of filth is exhausted from the different sewers and factories which extend themselves on each side of the river, the point is at once glaring, that the water must not only be offensive to the sense, but dreadfully injurious to health, and unfit for the common purposes of many manufactures: for the brilliancy and fastness of the colours in French draperies and calicoes are entirely attributable to the water being so free from infectious and decomposing matter.

Great credit must be awarded to the different water companies for their unceasing exertions and vast expenditure in endeavouring to afford water in a pure state, but the systems which have been resorted to (such as filtering through sand, charcoal, &c., and in some cases allowing the water to deposit its sediment,) have in all instances only partially answered the expectations of the projectors, and, in others, have failed altogether. One case may be quoted as an example of expense for this most laudable purpose, viz. The Chelsea Water Company; the annual cost of which for cleansing and repairing the filter-bed (which is composed of sand), is 1600*l.*, not calculating the original charge for the formation of the bed having been 11,700*l.*

A few years ago patents were granted to different individuals for the "Small Filters," which as far, or rather as fast, as they go, are very worthy of adoption; but the supply of water they yield is in such restricted quantities, as to be scarcely sufficient for the general use of small families, much less for large establishments; at the same time that their operation is uncertain, and in some instances defective.

It is somewhat remarkable that, in this age of improvement, in which Science is daily extending her aid to Nature, that no art (except on a very limited scale) has hitherto been introduced for the purification of an element so indispensable for the wants of man and beast, and for every purpose of life.

The new system to which we refer, and for which we can vouch, is fraught with every needful capability; it yields water, not only in a clear and undefiled state, but so rapidly that it would seem incredible, unless it has been witnessed. In short, a machine of very limited size can filter two million gallons of water in twenty-four hours! The medium is of unbounded quantity, totally free from chemical preparation, and the mechanism so simple, that a boy might superintend it. It is not expensive, and can be cleaned with the utmost ease; and we doubt not will speedily be seen in every large institution in the kingdom, hospitals, prisons, factories, workhouses, docks, &c. &c., and, indeed, wherever an adequate supply of pure water can be desired.

RAILWAYS. MUNICH.

THE Chevalier Wiebeking, one of our most learned engineers, has communicated to the Mathematical and Physical Class of the Academy of Sciences the designs of his invention of a new mode of constructing iron railways. He indicated the several parts of the plan, and the great advantages resulting from it, in comparison with the iron railways hitherto known, and he summed them up as follows:—

1. This construction requires only half the expense of other railways. 2. It may be executed in less time over marshes and downs. 3. It requires neither tunnels nor cutting through the eminences. 4. It occasions no lateral traction (*traction latérale*) of the wheels of the locomotives or of the train. There is, however, no danger of the wheels slipping from the rails. 5. It may be executed on the common causeways and roads; it will therefore save the sums required for purchasing the ground. Lastly, these rails may serve for locomotive and all other kinds of wheel carriages, provided the distance between the wheels is the same. One horse can draw on such a railway from 60 to 150 cwt. Carriers and farmers may easily use it. If M. Wiebeking's railway fulfil the half of what his programme promises, it will doubtless be one of the most valuable improvements in the art of engineering.

PARIS LETTER.

Academy of Sciences, Dec. 29, 1846.

SITTING of December 21st.—*Atomic Weight of Carbon.*—M. Dumas communicated to the Academy the result of experiments carefully conducted by M. Stas and himself for ascertaining the exact atomic weight of carbon, which they had reason to suspect had been estimated rather too high by Berzelius; and they had come to the conclusion that the number which expressed the proportion in which carbon would combine with other substances should be diminished about 2 per cent. Thus, in the composition of carbonic acid, instead of allowing the proportions to be 800 of oxygen and 306 of carbon, they should be altered to 300 of oxygen and 300 of carbon. This was a most important result, since it would alter the formulæ of an immense number of chemical combinations. For instance, in the composition of cholesterol, instead of being 85 carbon, 12 hydrogen, and 3 oxygen, it should be 83 carbon, 12 hydrogen, and 4.5 oxygen; thus making a difference of nearly one half in the proportion of the oxygen. M. Dumas stated that he had been led with M. Stas to this discovery by following up his theory of chemical substitutions, and by arriving at results which are in discordance either with that theory or the weight of carbon as admitted by M. Berzelius. He had found on analysing naphthalene, that he obtained for 100 parts it 95.5 carbon and 6.1 hydrogen, which, added together, made 101.6 instead of 100. In the case of benzene, for 100 parts he had obtained 93.5 carbon and 7.7 hydrogen, which made 101.2 instead of 100; this indicated an error somewhere, and he had been led to detect it in the atomic weight of carbon by burning graphite, and afterwards diamonds. The graphite was very difficult to procure pure, and the mode of operating on it long and difficult: the combustion was effected easily and simply enough; but the condensation and exact weighing of the products were troublesome, because of the danger of humidity being imbibed from the air. M. Boussingault's method had been followed. They had then operated on diamonds, and the oxygen used in the experiment had been freed from all presence of water by various minute and careful methods. M. Halphen, the diamond merchant, had liberally given them an abundant supply of stones for this experiment, to conduct which with success they had found it necessary to burn from 10 to 12 grammes of diamonds at once, it being their object to find what exact weight of diamonds burned would produce a certain exact weight of carbonic acid. All the diamonds they burned had left a considerable

residue; but they had no doubt that, if diamonds of the finest kind were experimented on, the residue would be little or nothing. This residue consisted, in some cases, of a spongy network of a yellowish-red tinge; in others, of yellow crystalline flakes; and in others, of colourless crystalline fragments. These residuous matters belonged essentially to the diamond itself, and had been imprisoned within it at the time of its crystallisation, affording thus a kind of index of the geological origin of each stone. The amount of the residue varied from 1 part in 2000 to 1 in 500. The result of the weighing of the carbonic acid was, as stated above, that the proportion of the atomic weight of carbon ought to be diminished 2 per cent. M. Dumas, in remarking on the important changes that these experiments, if correct, would cause in chemical calculations, observed that a careful verification of similar experiments repeated would be necessary, and also that the chemical composition of other substances would have to be investigated over again. This would cause great labour and trouble to chemists; but he for one was ready and determined to continue his share of the task.

Geology of Trinidad.—M. Deville communicated a paper on the geological structure of the island of Trinidad. The highest elevations on the north coast were not more than 2500 feet; and the ridge that formed it was a continuation of one in the province of Cumana, where the mountains attained a greater elevation. These mountains were composed of two distinct series of formations:—the more ancient consisted of—1. Argillaceous and micaceous schists. 2. Grauwacks, more or less micaceous. 3. Whitish sandstones. 4. Thin beds of bluish-grey crystalline limestone. Nearly all these rocks contained cubical pyrites in abundance; and one of the strata of micaceous schist in St. Anne's valley had afforded the impression of an *equisetum*. The escarpment of the rocks on the northern coast was very precipitous, and the sea broke against it with fury. The second series, of more recent formations, was on the south, and much less elevated; it consists principally in argillaceous and calcareous beds, all dipping with great uniformity towards the south and south-east, and containing ammonites and graptolites. It is to be regretted that the paper was not more explicit on the subdivisions of these formations.

M. Duchamel has been elected a member of the Academy, in the room of Poisson.

At the last sitting of the Geographical Society, M. de las Cases gave an animated narrative of his late mission to St. Helena, and of the exhumation of Napoleon. He also communicated some geological observations which he had made on the island, and shewed that it was only in part of volcanic origin.—A paper on the island of Elba was, by a curious coincidence, read the same evening.—M. Berthelot, Secretary of the Society, read a report on the principal voyages and travels made during the past year; and noticed particularly the expedition of the *Astrolabe* and *Zélée* in the South Seas, as well as the expedition under Captain Roas; the discoveries beyond Port Simpson in North America; and the travels of MM. Texier, De la Bourdonnaye, and De la Guiche in the East.—Honourable mention was made of M. d'Avezac's publication on Abd el Kader.

Royal Academy of Sciences of Turin.—At a meeting of the Physico-Mathematical Class on Dec. 20th, a memoir was read from Professor Sismonda, 'On the Fossil Echinites of Piedmont.'—A paper, by Professor Lavini, 'On

the Chemical Composition of an Aerolite which fell last July near Moncalvo,' and one by Professor Giulio, 'On the Strength and Elasticity of Iron Wire,' were also read.

We see that M. Brunon Bauer has published at Berlin a theological work, entitled "Criticisms on the Gospel of St. John;" he adopts views similar to those of Dr. Strauss.

M. Didron, Secretary to the Comité Historique des Arts et Monuments, and Professor of Archaeology at the Bibliothèque du Roy, has just received from Mount Athos a most valuable MS. treatise of the ninth century, containing a complete code of rules for ecclesiastical ornamentation, and especially for the decoration of the interior and exterior of churches. It was written by a Greek Christian named Panseilinos; and we need hardly say it is of inestimable value for the light it will throw on Byzantine-Christian archaeology, as well as on the Lombardo-Byzantine architecture, painting, &c. of Western Europe. He is preparing it for publication, and it will be illustrated with copious drawings made by M. Durand during the late archaeological tour of those savans in Greece. We may mention here that the Bavarian Government at Athens, and indeed throughout Greece generally, is acting in the most barbarous manner towards all the Christian edifices of the country; destroying them wherever they can find a pretext. Thus, at Athens there were standing a few years ago eighty-one Christian churches, most of them of the 7th, 8th, or 9th centuries, with some of the 10th, 11th, and 12th. Twelve out of these have been kept for public worship; all the rest have been abandoned, and more than fifty have been unroofed or pulled down to make room for the paltry modern villas and other devices from Western Europe, with which these thick-skulled Germans are disfiguring the ancient capital of Attica. All these churches are filled with wretchedly Byzantine paintings on gold grounds, and with other specimens of new Christian decorations of the highest value; but they have found no one to appreciate or understand them. The Christian antiquary must hasten to Greece, ere, like France, she becomes reckoned among the *res prorsus perditas*. The Bavarians do not respect the antique monuments of the classic period much more religiously. At a little village near Athens, where a few years ago the walls of the houses were covered with antique inscriptions, not a single letter remains; all has been turned into lime for plastering the houses of the new masters of Athens.

Professor Matile, of Neuchâtel, is occupied in publishing the Chartulary of the Bishoprick of Lausanne. The first part of this valuable antiquarian publication has already appeared, and is highly appreciated; it contains the Chronicle of the Chartulary, with notices of charters, deeds, &c. down to the middle of the 13th century, besides an ample glossary; and the next part will comprise the documents themselves. It is printed at Neuchâtel, and is very creditable to the typographical taste of that town.

The study of English has been discontinued for the pupils of the Ecole Polytechnique, and the Ecole Forestière;—a sign of the times.

The "Ami de la Religion," a Catholic journal of Paris, states a fact which, were it not the official organ of the clergy, could not otherwise be believed. It has been found that the study of Greek was almost totally abandoned by the French clergy, and almost entirely given up in the classes of the ecclesiastical seminaries. In order, therefore to revive the study of it in the Seminary of St. Sulpice, the famous college

for priests of the diocese of Paris, it was determined to make a Greek book a subject of lectures. The book chosen was—[Which of the classic authors?—None! but] an ecclesiastical history written in French by M. Lhomond, then translated into Latin, and then into Greek by a young native of Athens now residing in Paris. This is the way to teach Greek, and encourage the study of it, with a vengeance!

The last ordination for the diocese of Paris, on 19th December, comprised 21 priests, 35 deacons, 16 subdeacons, 29 minor orders, and 6 who received the tonsure.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.
Enfield, December 26, 1840.

SIR,—I am a constant reader of your *Gazette*, and, with regard to Henri Mondoux, who is gifted with such remarkable powers of calculation, the values in the cubic equation $x^3 - 37x = -84$, are not only 3 and 4, but also -7; as the equation has three real roots, and not two.

The process made use of by him applies merely to the positive roots.

His transformed equation is $x^2 = 37 - \frac{84}{x}$. But x may be negative, and let it be $= -7$,

then we have $x^2 = 37 - \frac{84}{-7}$,

or, $x^2 = 37 - (-12) = 37 + 12 = 49$

$x = \sqrt{49} = 7$, which is correct.

The equation belongs to Cardan's irreducible case, and applies to Cagnoli's last form but one in Table V.; the demonstrations from Art. 810 to 841 (pp. 218-227). The work I have before me is Cagnoli's "Trigonometry," the Bologna edition, in Italian, of 1804.—I remain, Sir, your obedient Servant,

T. T. R.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Entomological, 8 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Electrical, 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Geological, 8 P.M.; London Institution, 7 P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.; Graphic, 8 P.M.; Literary Fund, 3 P.M.
Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.
Friday.—Astronomical, 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.; Mathematical, 3 P.M.; Physical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Raising of Lazarus. By M. Angelo and Seb. del Piombo; Engraved by John Vendramini. Dix.

WHEN this noble engraving was published during the lifetime of Mr. Vendramini, we noticed it in terms of merited eulogy. It was indeed a grand effort, and most honourable to the English school, which the artist had adorned by many other beautiful performances, though of less ambitious character, either by himself, or in conjunction with the Bartolozzis and several compatriots, the eminent engravers of the day. Owing to circumstances connected with the state of the art at the period, having declined much from the great in subject and in style, and fallen into the small and elegant by way of embellishment, *The Raising of Lazarus* did not attract so general a notice and patronage as it deserved. It, however, took its place in many collections where the highest productions of the burin are justly appreciated; and we are glad to see it revived in a manner to enable those who have missed former opportunities to enrich their walls or portfolios with a copy. A work of M. Angelo and Seb. del Piombo, such as adorns our National Gallery, was entitled to the utmost exertions of taste and skill to disseminate its sacred and sublime features over the land; and Mr. Vendramini has evidently

given all his abilities to the task. He has executed a work to make his name live; and we sincerely recommend it to the public attention.

Jacob Parallel's Hands to "Humphrey's Clock."
Part I. London, 1840. Berger.

HALF-A-DOZEN cuts of *dramatis persona* in Boz's popular work, in various scenes, described by his vivid pen. In literature and the arts, as in boys flying kites, there is always a number of other matters elevated in the shape of a tail; and if they tend, as in this instance, to attract yet more attention to the great object of attraction, they can do no harm, and may amuse. As for Boz, in his text,

"None but himself can be his parallel."

THE DRAMA.

Covent Garden.—The olden Spirit of Pantomime is gone; and what has been evoked in its stead is a dull substitute. One of the evils of the new school is that the Christmas frolic is no longer a distinct variety of the drama, professedly for the gratification of youth, but really very entertaining for all ages. It assimilates more to the general routine of the season, and depends upon fine dresses and beautiful scenery as much as the rest; with so little of merriment, trick, and metamorphoses, as to be unworthy of the name of Harlequinade. What there is left of the motley hero is a shadow; and his love and devotedness to the fair *Columbine* are as cold as a partnership in a quadrille at a formal party before supper; his persecution by the drivelling *Pantaloon* and mischievous *Clown* is extinct; his escapes are unprovoked, and his magic wasted on carpentry, which has nothing to do with the piece: in short, *Harlequin* has become a rather agile sort of walking gentleman; *Columbine*, an insipid stage heroine; *Pantaloon*, the antique beau of comedy; and the *Clown* (especially he of Covent Garden), an everlasting chatterer:—a talking clown is our utter abomination! The characteristics of the species have been banished; and grotesque masques substituted for humour, and commonplace placards for satirical jests, and grand panoramas for drollery and laughter-moving fun. School-boys may justly say of it, as we once heard one say who had been taken as a great treat to a poor play, when asked, "Was it not delightful?" "Oh, pretty well!—it is not so bad as a long sermon." *The Castle of Otranto* is produced in a first-rate style, but is a mistake of invention. It commences with a contest between *Romance* and *Burlesque* too reconcile for stage development at any time, and more so at holiday time; and out of its laboured construction springs the *Pantomime*, or rather the change of parts, and a middle pantomimic action is performed; after which there is a striking succession of moving pictures, and the curtain abruptly drops upon the showy spectacle without an object or winding up. The mechanism throughout is full of extensive and clever contrivances; and in one scene of the *Pantomime*, where *Pantaloon* and suite take unurnished lodgings, there is a spice of whim mingled with the ingenuity of the machinery. In the scenery, Messrs. Grieve have done all that was possible, and are only to blame for aiming at what is not so, viz. the representation of mountain waves, with vessels tossing up and down, which, instead of being impressive, is ludicrous. In this it is the attempt that confounds their art; for in all else it has triumphed over great difficulties, and produced striking effects. As a splendid sight, therefore, *The Giant Helmet* may vie with the

other pieces brought out with so much taste and liberality at this theatre, though it is deficient in attractions as a Christmas pantomime. The principal characters, *Burlesque*, *Harlequin*, and *Columbine*, were well supported; the *Clown*, as we have noticed, spoilt his rôle by jabbering; and *Pantaloon* was altered from the original cast into an old bean, with a tiger attendant, very much for the worse. A pretty dance of foolish, but pretty-looking, girls (*vide* "Sam Slick," third series) told very well; and a Sadler's Wells affair of sailors and their lassus waving flags seemed to please the gods. The house was crowded; and as no cost has been spared, we trust the run will be lasting enough (which, as there are so few pantomime stations for competition, it is likely to be) to remunerate the outlay.

Adelphi.—*Harlequin and the Enchanted Fish*, or *the Genii of the Brazen Bottle*, is the Christmas entertainment here. The scenery, by Telbin, beautiful; the tricks, by Butt, all but going right the first night; and a great deal of haggling about the machinery, by Mr. Hagly. These, however, will be smoothed away with a little practice; and then Messieurs Ellar, King, and Wieland (*Harlequin, Pantaloon, and Clown*), and Miss Bullen (the pretty *Columbine*), will have fair scope for the exercise of their respective talents. The opening is an Eastern fairy tale. Then follow the *Sultan, Prince, Princess, &c.*, magically converted from their Oriental magnificence and troubles into the higher ranks of pantomime; and all the tumblers, jumbles, feats of strength and activity, transformations, and slaps at the circumstances of the times (such as the birth of the princess royal, the mess-row among the 11th Hussars, &c. &c.) which naturally occur to such personages. Here, too, the house was crowded.

Haymarket.—Except *The Babes in the Wood*, *Walter* finely played by Wallack, we have nothing worth mentioning at this theatre. With *Tom Thumb*, it is a suitable attraction for the juvenile world; and *Money* continues to be quite enough for the older worldlings. Indeed, it is now a struggle between the Stock Exchange and the Haymarket which most merits to bear the name of "The Money Market." At the latter, the funds seem to be rising steadily, while they are rather falling at the other; but then it is *Thiers* trying to get which causes the City decline, and full *Tiers* which improves the west-end per cents.

Survey Theatre.—Here, under the good juvenile title of *Goosey Gander*, a clever Christmas pantomime has been got up, which literally crams the house every night. *The Columbine* is of the stoutest; but the revels, feats of agility, and changes, are of the right sort to elicit the laughter of the holiday-making audiences.

English Opera.—The Promenade Concerts have again put forth their attractions at this theatre, so that we have now no fewer than three musical entertainments in full play: viz. Drury Lane, the Princess's Theatre, and the English Opera House. There is no lack of attraction at any of them; and, *à propos* of music, Donizetti's new opera at Paris, though pleasing is destitute of originality, and consequently not worth much. Bochs has opened an Italian opera at Petersburg, with Pasta as *prima donna* and Mrs. Bishop second. It is reported that he has engaged Rubini and Lablache, and offered terms to Grisi, Tamburini, and the other favourites of Her Majesty's Theatre, Haymarket; to which if they accede, we shall be ill off in that quarter.

American Theatricals.—By a recent letter from Baltimore, of 29th November, we perceive that theatricals are rather at a discount in that city. Our correspondent, speaking of Baltimore, describes it as being the dulllest place in the universe; with 120,000 inhabitants, it does not afford a single evening's amusement, with the exception of two very badly conducted, and consequently ill supported theatres. Power, Buckstone, Forrest, and Miss Clifton, have been starrng it there, but to almost empty benches. Buckstone had at his benefit fifteen in the boxes, and one in the pit. The other large cities, Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, are full of singers and musicians, who give concerts almost nightly, and professors, who lecture upon science, poetry, or general literature; each of these cities, too, can boast of Sacred Harmonic Societies, and Philadelphia, of a Philharmonic. But in Baltimore they take delight in none of these things; they go in entirely for oyster suppers, at which, there are ever the same three standard dishes, to wit,—oysters in divers ways, ragout of Terrapine (a sort of small turtle), and turkey salad cut into small bits like minced veal; champagne and whisky-punch are the drinkables.

VARIETIES.

M. Schomburgk, whose researches in and writings upon British Guiana have so much informed and interested the public, has been appointed by Government to survey and mark out the boundaries of that most important colony. A recent pamphlet, published by M. Schomburgk on the state and resources of Guiana, shows how intimately conversant he already is with its geographical features and capabilities; and, consequently, how honourable this appointment is, not only to him, but to the Colonial Department.

Encouragement of Study.—The Bishop of Durham has announced three annual prizes of ten guineas each during his incumbency. 1. For the student who passes the best examination at the end of the academical year in the Hebrew text and Septuagint version of Genesis, beginning with the twelfth chapter, and the first twenty chapters of Exodus; and in the Greek gospel of St. Matthew, with especial reference to Hellenistic phraseology and expression. 2. For the best Latin prose essay on the subject, "Quenam fuerit Romana reipublice sub Augusto constitutio." 3. The best proficient in mathematics at the final examination of students in art and civil engineering.—*Gateshead Observer*.

A Statue is to be erected at Friburg, in memory of Professor Rotteck, whose death we lately announced.

Christmas Carols.—The following are genuine Christmas Carols, as taken from the mouth of a wandering gipsy girl in Berkshire. They are evidently imperfect, but have some novelty to us; and we give them as they were repeated or chanted, their very errors showing what is the usual fate of poems handed down by recitation.

'Now Christmas is a drawing nigh at hand,
Pray serve the Lord, and be at his command,
And for a portion God he shall provide,
And give a blessing to our souls beside.
Down in these gardens where flowers grows by ranks,

And in this wicked world have we not long to stay;
Down of your knees, and pray both night and day,
Down of your knees, and leave your pride, I pray.
Little children they do learn to curse and swear
Before they can say one word of the Lord's prayer.
How proud and lofty do some people go,
Dressing themselves like puppets at a show;
They patch and paint, and all with idle stuff,
As if God had not made them fine enough.

Remember, man, that you are made of clay,
And in this wicked world have not long to stay:
This wicked world that God he does not like,
He ofttimes shakes his rod before he strike.

TUNE—"My Peggy is a Young Thing."

Oh! Joseph was an old man,
And an old man was he,
And he married Mary
From the land of Galilee.
Off after he married her
How warm he were abroad.
Then Mary and Joseph
Walk'd down to the garden school,
Then Mary spied a cherry,
As red as any blood,—
Brother Joseph, pluck the cherry,
For I am with child.
Let him pluck the cherry, Mary,
As is father to the child.
Then our blessed Saviour spoke
From his mother's womb,—
Mary shall have cherries,
And Joseph shall have none.
From the high bough, the cherry-tree
Bow'd down to Mary's knee,—
Then, Mary, pluck't the cherry,
By one, two, and three.
They went a little further,
And heard a great din,
God bless our sweet saviour
Our heavens love in.
Our Saviour was not rocked
In silver or in gold,
But in a wooden cradle,
Like other babes all.
Our Saviour was not christened
In white wine, or in red,
But in some spring water,
Like other babes all.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Professor Bücke of Berlin, author of "The Political Economy of Athens," has just published a new work on "The Navy of the Athenian States," on which much research has been employed.

Professor Staubmann of Leipzig, has published a work "In Platonis Politicum."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Elements of Electro-Metallurgy, by A. Smee, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Coulson on the Hly-Joint and Puertner Affections of the Joint, second edition, 8vo. 7s.—Mornings with Mamra: New Testament; second series, 18mo. 4s. 6d.—The Currency Question, by G. M. Bell, fcap. 2s. 6d.—Skey on the New Operation for Lateral Curvature, 8vo. 2s. 6d.—Records of Wesleyan Life, by a Layman, fcap. 4s.—The Chemist, Edited by C. and J. Watt, Vol. I. 8vo. 7s.—Sonderland's Border Illustrations to the German Poets, with Translations, folio, 2s. 3s.—The Doctrine of Proportion, by O. Byrne, 8vo. 6s. 6d.—The Morea and Meditations of Other Days, by A. B. Cochrane, second edition, post 8vo. 6s. 6d.—Imagination, a Poem: by Louisa F. Poulter, post 8vo. 6s. 6d.—Washington, par Guizot, fcap. 5s.—Corban's Studies of Heads, imperial 4to. 12s.—Harding's Drawing-Book, 1841; Studies in Sepia, imperial 4to. 24s.—Peter Priggius, the College Scout, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1840.

December.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 17	From 32 to 21	29.73 to 29.67
Friday ... 18	... 15 ... 35	29.58 ... 29.51
Saturday ... 19	... 21 ... 36	29.52 ... 29.54
Sunday ... 20	... 20 ... 37	29.74 ... 30.04
Monday ... 21	... 31 ... 37	30.14 ... 30.21
Tuesday ... 22	... 26 ... 34	30.23 ... 30.13
Wednesday 23	... 14 ... 30	30.09 ... 30.01

Wind, north-east.

On the 17th, noon clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in the morning and snow in the afternoon; the 18th and three following days, overcast, snow in the evening; of the 18th and 20th; the 23d, morning cloudy, otherwise clear; the 23d, clear.

Rain fallen, .005 of an inch.

December.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 24	From 19 to 36	29.98 to 30.09
Friday ... 25	... 19 ... 33	30.19 ... 30.25
Saturday ... 26	... 19 ... 31	30.41 ... 30.48
Sunday ... 27	... 25 ... 35	30.48 ... 30.44
Monday ... 28	... 33 ... 34	30.30 ... 30.22
Tuesday ... 29	... 18 ... 35	30.13 ... 30.18
Wednesday 30	... 19 ... 35	30.27 ... 30.15

Wind, north-west on the 24th; north-east on the 25th; south on the 26th; north-east on the 27th; east on the 28th; north-west on the 29th; on the 30th, north in the morning, and south-west in the afternoon and evening. Except the 24th, 25th, and morning of the 30th, cloudy; rain fell during the evenings of the 28th and 30th.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

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